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ANECDOTE.

The imitative faculty of monkeys seems to exceed every thing short of human. A sailor having a number of red woollen caps, &c. to dispose of among the natives, went on shore for that purpose: his way to a settlement lying through a wood very plentifully inhabited by the species above mentioned, and it being mid-day, put a cap on his head, and laying the others by his side, he determined upon a little repose under the shade of a plantain tree. To his utter astonishment, when he awoke, from the specimen he had given his imitative observers of the use of his caps, he beheld a number of them upon the heads of the monkeys in the trees round about him, while the wearers were chattering in an unusual manner. Finding every attempt to regain them fruitless, he at length, in a fit of rage and disappointment, and under the supposition the one he retained was not worth taking away, &c. pulled the same from his head, and throwing it upon the ground exclaimed, "here, confound you, take it amongst ye:" which he had no sooner done, than to his great surprise, the observant monkeys did the same, by which means he regained the greatest part of his property.

"Sacred Portraiture and Illustrations, with other Poems," by Mrs. J. G. GUINNESS.

To individuals who are obliged to mingle in the world of literature, it is refreshing to turn from those pining strains of sickly sentimentality, which so generally pervade those works of the imagination which in the present day assume to themselves the title of poetic compositions, to such a publication as the one before us, throughout the entire of which there runs a rich vein of genuine poetry, intersected here and there with fine specimens of graphic and picturesque illustration. It is said of the immortal Milton, that he never sat down to compose any portion of his "Paradise Lost," without having previously refreshed his spirit by drinking deeply from that holy fount of inspiration, the volume of Divine truth—either by reading for himself, or having various portions of it read to him by others; and we should suppose it was under the influence of the same feeling that Mrs. Guinness came to the resolution of devoting the boldest powers of her muse to sacred subjects. As we have heretofore, in every instance, excluded politics and religion from our pages, we must at present content ourselves with quoting a few stanzas, which are given as an addenda to the sacred poems, but from which, we think, our readers will be able to discover that Mrs. Guinness's poetic powers are of no mean order. We should, perhaps, mention, that the volume has been published to assist a respectable family in reduced circumstances, to whose aid the profits are to be applied; which taken in connexion with the intrinsic merits of the work itself, will, we have no doubt, insure it an extensive circulation.

THE CONTRAST—STORM AND CALM.

The spirit of the tempest rides abroad,
A wreath of lightning flashes round his brow;
His sable car along the heaven-ward road
Rends with its thundering wheels the plains below.
The howling winds, his dreaded heralds, fly
In fierce chaotic tumult thro' the air,
Then moaning in the hollow mountains, die,
Or from their caves the slumbering echoes tear.
The ocean trembling at his giant form,
Whirls its rough billows to the turbid clouds,
While the torn vessel reeling 'mid the storm,
Whelms beneath foaming surge its scatter'd shrouds.
From his Atlantean shape disordered flies,
His mantle wild, and shades the starry skies.

The stormy spirit's past—celestial calm
Descends from yon pure space where opes the sky,
Her braided hair entwined with verdant balm
Which dropping, gems her robe of purest dye.

She leads the raging winds by suasive power,
Down to their coral caves beneath the sea,
Then noiseless treads the clear cerulean floor,
Whose waves abashed, her gentle pressure flee.
And lo! her radiant smile illumines the air,
And o'er the heavens its bright reflection throws
The meads a fresher grace and fragrance wear,
And deeper blushes paint th' enamoured rose.
While choirs unseen from earth, and air, and sea,
Resound her praise in mystic harmony.

SPRING.

See where the blushing Spring, with modest air,
In humid wreath and robe of palest green,
Walks from yon wintry forest—while her hair
Yet shines with spangled frosts and dew-drops sheen.
See, at her kindling glance the vapours fly,
The flowers upspring and ope th' expanding bloom,
The wakening zephyrs with their softest sigh,
Hovering around, inhale her sweet perfume.
With gentle hand she frees the ice-bound floods,
And guides them thro' the mead and arching grove,
Then hangs on each lone bough her snowy buds,
And tunes the plumed choir to notes of love.
Her soft enchantment lulls the rising storm,
And wakes with magic power each latent charm.

SUMMER.

The fervid Airs on wings of golden beams
Chace the retreating Spring, while from bright horn
Now joyous Summer pours effulgent streams
Of mingled clouds to deck the robe of morn.
The blooming nymphs that form his graceful train
Fling from clear urns, the iridescent flowers,
And sprinkle with rich light the azure main,
Whose undulations court the sparkling showers.
Then while his chaplet of o'erpowering rays,
Flames with its fires intense—the lovely hours
Seek out some shade obscure where softly strays
The lucid rivulet, 'neath pensile bowers,
While echo sounds her ever-varying shell,
And fancy breathes her soul-entrancing spell.

AUTUMN.

In brilliant robe of varied hue appears
Autumn with mantle dipped in sunshine bright,
And 'neath her lustrous rich the landscape wears
The deep suffusion of the solar light.
Now as she strays where bends each clustering bough
By summer hung with crude and vapid fruit,
Her mystic touch imparts the blushing glow,
And mellow sweetness to each loaded shoot.
Then wandering near the expansive fields of corn
That scarcely wave beneath the tranquil breeze,
Her gilded shadow by the meadows worn,
Embrowns the hills and deepens on the trees.
Around—the fluttering hours on purple wing,
O'er her gay robes the latest flow'rets fling.

WINTER.

While Autumn musing walks the shadowy grove,
She hears the lonely whispers of the breeze
And leaves the scene, as Winter wildly roves,
And sweeps the golden foliage from the trees.
O'er his dark brow an icy diadem
Shines 'neath the tearful glances of the sun,
While his cold sceptre starred with frosty gem,
Sways with dread power, the conquest he has won
Soon as he flies o'er each cerulean fount,
His withering presence chills the glassy floor,
And when his wings expanding shade the mount,
Their snowy plumage falls in frigid shower.
Unwilling the pale hours attend his flight,
And murmuring, sigh for Spring's ethereal light.

DUBLIN:

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